

THE

No. 7

Vol. 2

*Sees Nothing - Magnifies All.**Forecast:**Dull with Examloads
on the horizon.*

MICROSCOPE

MIKE GOES TO CLEANER'S

Exit Editor - Sandwiches Slung

MIKE AIRED

Wednesday, Nov. 22, --
The Microscope staff held a luncheon meeting in Room 14. The guests entered between 12 and 12:15 and took their respective places.

The last to enter was Mr. Thomas Wainman hyphen Wood, son of Commander Wood R.C.N. Mr Wood who had been partaking of hoarse-dooovers in the council room slunk in through the window and pursued by $\frac{1}{2}$ cheese sandwich, generously donated by the Council. In a flowery speech delivered between two egg sandwiches, Mr. Wood discussed "The state of Journalism in Victoria College" at the present time. He said quote, "I give up" The rest of his speech was lost to grateful posterity in the uproar that followed. The staff then accompanied him to the door and bid him a fond but definite farewell. It was then moved by one of the reporters and seconded by another that "in view of the fact that editors are superfulous and generally clutter up the place, the mike shall hence forth dispence with the same and shall adhere to the democratic principles of equality and free speech

27 MORE SHOPPING DAYS TO CHRISTMAS

10 MORE STUDYING DAYS BEFORE EXAMS!!!!!!

As one scoffer of education was noted to say recently, "Education is the inculcation of the incomprehensible into the ignorant by the incompetent."

*Hey! Come on back you guys!
We didn't mean it!*

WAKE UP!!!

BY

ANON - V - MOUSE

When college students are applying for jobs next summer they will present Victoria College as their school. "Where's that", the prospective employer will ask. If Victorians are aware of the existance of a college in their fair city they have never in a great many cases seen it or know where it is. The reason why this college does receive a great deal of outside financial aid is primarily due to Victoria business men's ignorance of the College, its aims and standards. There is not enough intercourse between the inside and outside of this institution. We must promete some College publicity - not by placards or snake walks, but by showing the worthy boroughs of this town that we are up here for a purpose, and not to play on the Rugby team. Would it not be possible and educational for say, part of the Economic class to inspect an industrial plant, or for the History class to visit the Archives. And, at the same time, lets invite some prominent Victorians up here to see what we recluses are doing. How about some official action by the Student's Council in this regard?

IT HAPPENED

--In a History 3 lecture, the other day.

TIME: 1st period, Tuesday afternoon

A hushed group of History 3 disciples were reverently drinking in the words of the Master, when an unseemly commotion above distracted the assembled multitude. One traitorous scut, Hamilton by name apprized Mr. Pettit that the disturbance might be caused by a few frolicsome lads in Ward 2. Said Mr. Pettit (not quoted verbatim), "Evidently some would-be swains are getting in trim for the Christmas Hop!" (Laughter and silence) Some minutes later the noise above was resumed with even greater vigor. It was then that Professor Pettit strode majestically from the room to lay the offender or offenders by their respective heels. An awed hush fell upon the reverent multitude. A moment later he returned and said with the air of a prospective parent, (Kwote) "IT'S A GIRL!" (Unkwote) (Loud laughter and applause) Hmmm! Can it be our one-time trim and demure little co-eds have become a race of Amazons awakening the reverberating echoes of our dim and hallowed halls with sounding step and clamorous clump? Tch, tch. We wonder.

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RUGBY GAME

BRENTWOOD vs COLLEGE

AT VICTORIA High School

SATURDAY - 2:00 P.M. - COME ON OUT AND YELL.

2:15

EDITORIAL

We take up our editorial pens and pencils once again after a brief (?) interval during which the Mid-terms were going on. Now, having failed in almost all our subjects, we will take it easy until the Christmas exams loom up into our field of vision...by the way there are only four weeks or so before they arrive!

Enough of this morbid commentary. Now for the more amusing side of College life.

There has been a rumour running around that there is going to be a Pep-Meeting in the near future...is it going to materialize?

The rugby game on Saturday will be at Macdonald Park we have heard, so there is NO EXCUSE for not going and supporting the TEAM. Last year a cheering section was in the process of organization; why can't we have one this year? Come on Bert, keep up the good work this season.

Where are all those enterprising young men and women who promised to write "dirt-sheets" for us...we need you. The Library would be a good hunting ground to start on...the correspondence which goes on up there is tremendous...need we say more?

We noticed a tasty paint job parked with the rest of the cars on the College drive.....those yellow walled tyres are undoubtedly going to set a fashion at this institution.

IT HAPPENED!!! As we foretold, your editor received a ping pong ball in his coffee the other day. What is more, one young man's coffee was unceremoniously spilt by the entrance of an orange into his full cup...not to mention the time when a certain editor of this paper hit the table with his fist to emphasize a point and thereby upset a little man's steaming beverage. It was an eventful noon-hour.

COLUMN

ASS

What young enthusiast has been taking up developing (perhaps pictures) in a small way lately? We have noticed this small, shall we say, scientist studying reactions with his friends in his rolling grey laboratory on dark nights at Clover Point and Beacon Hill.....

A certain young man seemed to get better awfully quickly when the bottom dropped out of things for him as far as the Hard Times dance was concerned.

Our friend who is carrying his arm in a sling (if he's out of bed or recovered from Saturday's game by the time this is published) will probably find that he can carry an extra pair of pants on his arm...handy to have in a place like the Topper where certain men's trousers aren't their own any more.

It will be a great thing when television comes in, we'll be able to see who or how many we're talking to on the phone, won't we Buck.....

What Great Big Beautiful Doll is at the Cross Roads of Stuff but nobody seems angry or cross about it...do they?

Rumour is in the air that plans are being made for another NATIONAL --- PITCHING CONTEST. The boy and black Packard were seen buying floor wax last week end.

Who is the "Silent Admirer" who causes all the blushes in Chem 1 Sec 1?

The College plays its first rugby game in town at Macdonald Park on Saturday. The boys are going to be in there doing their best for their old Alma Mater.....HOW ABOUT SOME SUPPORT? LAST YEAR SOME PLANS WERE MADE ALONG THESE LINES BUT THEY Cont. next column.....

ANON Y. Mous

HIMSELF.....

Well, the horror of mid-term results is over. Each student has learned that there is someone more intelligent than himself. There's nothing like a College Mid-term to relegate the student to his true intellectual perspective (Wow!!! And How!).

Harrassed instructors are being continually assaulted by a barrage of enthusiastic students selling tickets for a certain Friday night set-to at the Empire theatre. We bet (We warn you, gambling is not allowed in the College...Ed.) half of each professor's monthly pay goes to such like worthy causes. Personally, we find the best way to get rid of a Technocrat is to tell him that you are a Communist or an Imperialist (Editor's Note: the Views expressed in this column are entirely those of the columnist himself and are to be in no way taken as being the views held by this paper.).

Rumour has it (rumour is always having something) that the Glee Club is being picketed by bands of striking Ladies' and Gent's barber-shop quartets. Comes the Revolution! Soon the corridors of Victoria College will run red with the blood of those privileged oppressors.....the Glee Club. Remember, we have warned you, JOIN NOW!

By the way, what two prominent College columnists were seen furtively entering the Columbia theatre at five minutes to two Saturday afternoon? Could be they were running short of cash? Or do they like Buck Jones?

CONTINUATION

From Column two..... SEEMED TO HAVE FALLEN THROUGH. COME ON FROSH OF '39, Pick UP THE TORCH WHERE THE FROSH OF '38 THREW IT DOWN